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THE

Grand Review

A MADRIGAL

FOR

Decoration Day.



By SURGEON G. B. HOTCHKIN,

(OF 1ST PA. RESERVE CAVALRY.)

SURGEON OF POST 62, G. A. R.,

ALTOONA, PA.

...

To be Read or Recited, with Interludes of Song
and Chorus.

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The Grand Review.

SCHEME.—The speaker, personating the Post Commander, tells what he is represented as seeing and hearing of the spirit world: and gives orders.

NOTE.—A squad of comrades, with arms to obey orders, will give good effects: and the comrades, or the audience may join in the chorus, only on a repeat.

COMRADES! all rally for muster to-day.
Come; with oblation of reverent love,
With beautiful flowers,
To honor the brave who lie,
Peacefully sleeping around us.
Come; and see pageantry grander,
Than that of the army returning from war,
Marching in triumph before the commander.

I heard the loud trumpets of heaven
Marching orders proclaiming;
Calling for muster and marching,
For grandest review and inspection,
In light marching order;
For keeping holy the day of the dead.

Heaven's Grand Army, immortally bright
Is coming, with standards like snow,
And guidons, of scarlet and gold:
And stepping to music from trumpets of angels,
And singing melodious song,
As marching along:
Not tramping weary, nor wounded:
Not riding on suffering horses, nor mules;
Nor ponderous knapsack bearing,
Nor cumbersome arms, nor canteens,
Nor rations in haversack, crumbling:
The victory safe, campaigning all over,
Discharged and breveted, as vet'rans retired.
They are resting at home.

Now; the Adjutant's reading the order of route,
To the fields, where the soldiers are sleeping,
Where comrades are bringing pure tokens of love,
Rich tribute of beautiful flowers,
The earliest children of Spring.

Feeble and aged, and painfully breathing,
 He followed my regiment's charging,
 Bravely, as ever the bravest of men,
 All danger, regardless unheeding;
 Pressing right on, and earnestly praying
 God help the right, and save the brave,
 In freedom's battle falling.
 When I was lying, and looking for dying,
 Crushed by the iron cyclone;
 How quickly he kneeled by my side;
 Working so deftly, and gently;
 The sore broken bones adjusting to place,
 And binding the arteries, bleeding too freely,
 And giving a life stirring cordial;
 All the time talking so kindly, of home,
 Of merciful God, and the Saviour.
 He wrote my short message to mother,
 He saved my poor life, gave comforting ease;
 And turning for helping another,
 He instantly fell, dying close by me.
 They called him a Christian Commissioner;
 And now he is leader of all.

CHORUS.

We must leave our discourse for hereafter,
 Guards detailed, are leaving the column,
 For post, where to guide our devotion
 We have carefully planted our markers,
 (I'll watch if they guard any graves,
 That we have missed, in our searching.)

At each grave, as we come with our offering,
 Be sure to give soldier's saluting
 To the comrades they've posted.

Now shoulder your arms! and into column, by fours,
 Right wheel! stepping prompt to the notes
 Of your responsive song—March!

SONG.

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
 We are coming, coming gladly,
 Lively marching, happy singing,
 As we come marching on.

Bearing fragrant flowers of beauty,
 We are meeting your kind greeting.

Feeble and aged, and painfully breathing,
 He followed my regiment's charging,
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Bearing fragrant flowers of beauty,
 We are meeting your kind greeting,

With our joyous song of welcome,
 As we come bearing flowers.

We are waiting, ready waiting;
 For our marching orders waiting;
 At the call of our Commander,
 Ready for marching on.

When the last great roll is calling
 For quarters in the camp above;
 To the calling we will answer,
 Shouting, here! present here!

CHORUS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

The person receiving this copy is requested to show it to Grand Army officers and comrades.

The author, having written this madrigal under severe suffering of disease, incurred in the mud (equivalent; sacred soil) of Virginia in 1862, is fully aware of many reasons for criticism which he has not had time to rectify this year and he most freely invites all criticism; but not abuse, and will be grateful for it; even if it stings.

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Address

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ALTOONA, PA.

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The victory safe, campaigning all over,
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To the fields, where the soldiers are sleeping,
Where comrades are bringing pure tokens of love,
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The earliest children of Spring.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Heaven's Grand Army, is coming now,
Keeping our Decoration Day,
As we go marching on.

A few stragglers are still tarrying here;
Waiting till sick call is over forever,
Waiting the Surgeon's discharging,
And beds where our comrades repose,
Till reveille call, in the morning.
Day by day, we are growing older
Than, when enlisting, we started for war;
Parade resting tires us; we are weary of drilling;
And of ranks at Attention too long.
We're on duty; watching each by-road,
And keeping the outposts guarded;
Fearing the enemy's treacherous stealth,
On pickets, not trained to the schemes,
And dark plots, of the traitors' contriving
For cunningly seizing the camp;
Of those, who swore to be loyal and true,
With the foulest of mental reserving,
While plotting rebellion.

But; I am garrulous; an old man's failing;
Having always a few more remarks.

Trumpets are sounding, the "Forward March" order
To the column, formed by battallion,
Ready for moving.

Yes! we'll be ready, with eyes on the guidon,
When the order to "fall in" is given.

CHORUS.

Now I hear the column advancing.
To arms! into line lively forming;
Standing as formerly, shoulder to shoulder;
Let's show them our mettlesome spirit.
(Our drilling is never forgotten.)
Arms present! the column saluting,
As you did in the days of the war.

Eagerly scanning the ranks passing by us,
Like wave after wave, on the ocean,
Let us watch for the faces we know.
Don't you mind, in the old-time reviewing,

How the sight of a friend in the column
Rested our arms, relieving the tension
Of holding out musket too long,
And made all weariness vanish;
As stern regulations defying,
We smiled, and we nodded, and sometimes
Loud shouted our greeting?

The head of the column is over us now.
Come to Attention; with guide on the right
Dress up the line; or they will be guessing,
That we're militia, just at our drilling.

I hear the old music, the march of the dead;
But softened, and cheerily sounding the joy
Overflowing the hearts of the comrades discharged,
And safely at home.

Now; they are grandly, in melody singing
A beautiful song to music of angels.
I cannot sing it, nor put it in writing,
But; I will give you plainly the meaning.

SONG:

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
We are living, all immortal;
We are living, from death lifted,
And we are praising God.

From the bloody field of battle,
Or from painful beds of anguish,
We the heavenly roll-call answered,
And we are safe at home.

Never wounded, never painful,
Never sleeping, never weary;
We are drinking living water,
And we shall thirst no more.

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
We are coming comrades, coming;
Coming to your loving greeting
On this most holy day.

CHORUS:

See that glorious leader,
Bearing so bravely the glistening standard;
Leading the column.
I will tell you his story.

With our joyous song of welcome,
As we come bearing flowers.

We are waiting, ready waiting;
For our marching orders waiting;
At the call of our Commander,
Ready for marching on.

When the last great roll is calling
For quarters in the camp above;
To the calling we will answer,
Shouting, here ! present here !

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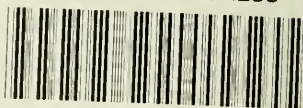
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